

T H E
P I T T I A D :

A
S A T I R E.

If you censure the Age, be cautious and sage,

Left the Courtiers offended should be :

If you mention VICE or BRIBE, 'tis so pat to all the Tribe,

Each cries, That was levell'd at me.

BEG. OPERA.

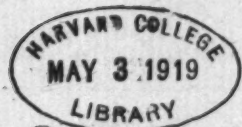
By DOLL COMMON.

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To the PUBLIC.

AS my present Circumstances compel me to be COURTEOUS to all MANKIND, I have wrote the following PIECE in such a Measure, that the PURCHASER may either READ it or SING it, just as it may suit his Inclination, to TUNES well known throughout the Kingdom of GREAT BRITAIN.

DOLL COMMON

THE
PITTIAD:
A
SATIRE.

POLITICAL GAMESTERS, and wretched Fault-
finders,

Who mumble P-TT's Measures, without any Grinders;
Ye Leaders of PARTY, and Slaves to your Passion,
That harrafs the K—G, to disturb the whole Nation;
That write without *Genius*, and speak without Thinking,
And lay Gins for Hares, where a Fox has been stinking:
That steal others Thoughts, and then swear 'em your own,
Then puff 'em for *new* thro' th' intelligent Town;

Next, read 'em in *private*, tho' scarce meritorious,
 And boast, that in *public*, black Schemes are all-glorious.
 But know, who fling Dirt at a well-polish'd Plane,
 Must expect what returns to receive back again :
 So they, who P-TT's Measures would turn into Vices,
 The Nation should hack 'em, or cut 'em in Slices ;
 Then stew 'em, or broil 'em, to feed *Frenchmen's* Courage,
 Instead of their *Soup*, or their *Soup-maigre* Porrage.

Ye Grumblers of BRITAIN, with Meanness of Spirit,
 Who pilfers from no Man, is great thro' his Merit ;
 I'll PITT him 'gainst thousands of pitiful Writers,
 And spit in the Faces of all his Backbiters :
 I'll justify all his past Measures in *treating* ;
 The *Proof of the Pudding must be in the Eating*.

Yet WITLINGS, who're wedded to Rhiming and Learning,
 Possessing all Talents, but those of *discerning* ;
 Ye Lordlings of Trade to our BRITISH Plantations,
 Write and print, ere you're banish'd, your own Recantations :
 On Knees bent with Sorrow, and Eyes full of Pity,
 Beseech all the Merchants of great LONDON City,

That

That they would forgive your late infamous Failing,
And swear you'll no more be once guilty of stealing.

Ye PLAY-WRIGHTS of LONDON, remark'd for good Breeding,
Well-known to the *Town* for low Puns and high Feeding,
What Folly could move you to trouble the STATE,
Ye Puppets of POWELL, who bounce and who prate?
If you play well, you're paid well, beyond your deserving;
While *Drudges*, that teach you, are near upon starving;
Not *Drudges* that mangle the Works of their Betters,
But such as have *Genius*, and *Merit* in Letters:
These, these are the Folks that dare cut and dash ye,
And make you to skip and leap — *scribble-come-dash-ye*:
Not akin to the SIMILE-WRITER so recent,
That's fraught with *Injustice* and *Censure* indecent;
For which its 'cute Author that made the Translation*,
Is hooted and hiss'd at throughout the whole Nation;
Despis'd by his Friends, and by Strangers detested,
He skulks like a T—f, by his Conscience arrested.

* The Reader is desired to excuse our unlearned AUTHORESS, for not knowing the Difference between *Translation* and *Transcribing* with Alterations.

Who

Who thinks that the Nation can't see thro' Disguises,
 Tho' subtil as Foxes, are Numskulls and Nizies ?
 They will not be cheated by specious Pretences ;
 Nor call in *two* more, to betray their *five* Senses :
 While P-rr acts with Honour to keep under Knav'ry :
 Those People must love him, who never bore Slav'ry :
 They will hazard their Lives, their best Blood and Treasures,
 To find Ways and Means to assist his just Measures :
 He's the *Holdfast* of *Justice*, the *Sov'reign's* Darling,
 The Sheet-Anchor of *Freedom*, and *All* BRITISH *Sterling* :
 He's wise in the *Council*, as well as as the *Senate*,
 Was brave out of Office, and bold now he's in it :
 He hears just Complainants, and strives to relieve 'em ;
 And, like a good Doctor, will never deceive 'em ;
 Nor write a *Prescription*, t'enrich his *Attendant* ;
 Nor touch a *Plum* Note to kill *Embrio* Descendant !
 Nor ever will poison a good *Constitution*,
 But leave it to *Time* for a *late* Execution.
 The *Cure* is the *Point*, all just Doctors agree in,
 And not in the *College*, *Diploma*, or *Feeing* :

So,

So, those styl'd *Physicians*, be-wig'd in gilt Coaches,
 That *cure* not their *Patients*, should meet with Reproaches;
 And those blest with *Genius* and *Knowledge* in *Nature*,
 No Matter how *great* or how *little* in *Stature*,
 When they *cure*, they're *deserving* of all that is giv'n,
 And *Doctors* be rated, the best under *Heav'n*.

Can no *Phyfic* cure that worst *Habit* of *stealing*,
 But the *Lasb* from the *Pen* to the *Heart* that has *Feeling*?
 Then let it be dipt in the *Heart* of that *Creature*,
 That pilfer'd the *SIMILE* — curse his *Ill-nature*:
 Or in *Blood* that's inflam'd, by *Poison* made putrid,
 Who's guided by *Party*, first drunk, and then stupid.

Ye mighty *State-schemers*, what is it you're wanting,
 That you *P-TT* and *L—E* are for ever supplanting?
 Do you want other *Measures* pursued this season?
 Have ye got better *Plans*, or more *Judgment*, or *Reason*?
 Are your *Consciences* clearer, and less avaricious?
 Are *Acquirements* greater, and *Passions* less vicious?
 Are your *Hearts*, or your *Souls*, with more *Virtues* abounding?
 Was your *Country* now sinking — would you save it from
 drowning? If

If ever your *Conscience* was touch'd by a Woman,
 Blush, blush, if you can, at the Taunt of DOLL COMMON;
 But if it proves fear'd, and no Modesty's in ye,
 I'll call in my Sisters to lash ye, and skin ye;
 That long have been used to jerk *harden'd* Fellows,
 Who by *Hook*, or by *Crqok*, have escaped the Gallows.

Can you feel what I say?—Must I call in some *Fury*
 From LEWKNER'S, or GILES'S, or *Hundreds* of DRURY,
 To mob ye, to palt ye, to scold, and beslime ye;
 To tweak ye, to pinch ye, to scratch ye, be-rhyme me?
 Or, whatever else in their Minds they may hit on,
 To punish all Thieves, and all Rogues to GREAT-BRITAIN.

One Wretch, who's corrupted, may scatter Contagions
 From Nation to Nation, thro' Legions of Legions!
 First, poison his *Country* with foul-mouth'd *Sedition*,
 And make Subjects pine at their happy Condition:
 Next, cultivate *Falsbood*, as suits his Occasions,
 And bring over just Men by *artful* Perswasions:
 Like SATAN, may care not what Mischief is brewing,
 Tho' he loads both *himself* and his *Imps* with their Ruin.

Brimful

Brimful of *Disbonour*, and burning with *Anger*,
 Seems bold as a Lion—when absent all Danger :
 Be Bigot to Blindness ; be fond of Dominion ;
 And slight *Demonstration* to back false *Opinion* :
 Such Oddities vile, may be with him inherent ;
 And thro' *Fraud*'s Disguises, the D—l's Vicegerent :
 May be foolish as BATT, well depicted in Fable,
 Who flies to the Beasts to make War with the Eagle†
 Like him may be served, and *fail of his Ends* ;
 Live contemn'd by his *Foes*, and deserted by *Friends* !

Learn hence, all ye Dablers in *Wit*, to take Warning ;
 And tremble at *Men*, that mix *Honour* with *Learning* :
 You may burn your own Fingers and get your Hands bat-^{[ter'd ;}
 By the Soil which you've thrown, you shall here be be-^{[spatter'd.}
Know ;—this is a *condemning, sensible Nation*,
 As any *existing* about the *Creation* :
 The People in *common*, possess their full Senses
 More free than fam'd JES'ITS with all their Pretences :
 They can, if they please, give their Reasons, so far—
 That—*Dutch Ships* may be clear'd---to lengthen the War :

B

They

They can shew you as plain, as great Noses on Faces,
 The *Parties* now *touching*---their Names and their Places;
 Their MACHI'VEL Scheme to eclipse dear PITT's Glory,
 To palm on *his* MASTER, a *Cock and Bull Story*;
 Thus wriggle themselves still further in Favour,
 Keep humming, and fawning, to shew fine Behaviour:
 Who prove *Treaties* good, that have long since been broken,
 By *Vander van Diabie*,---by *Vander van Spoken*.

Ye K---es to your *Country*, mean Heads of a Faction;
 Who can triumph and boast of *that* Country's Distraction!
 Ye Monsters of *Britain*, that stab Truth in private;
 That punish small Crimes, and the great Ones connive at:
 Would you bankrupt the Kingdom by fruitful Surmises,
 And give up those Ships that may prove fair *French* Prizes?
 Shall the *Dutch* aid the *French* and give them Assistance?
 Shall the *English* be *passive*, and make no *Resistance*?
 Forbid it, oh *Heaven*! ---Prevent it *All-Mighty*!
 Lest Knaves, Fools, and *Dutchmen*, for ever may slight ye!
 Let *Reason* and *Justice*, and *Honour* once rouse ye,
 Or, *Spaniards* and *Dutchmen* will ev'ry Day chouse ye.

Re-

Remember that PITT is but *one* to report us ;
 And L---E but *another* that strives to support us :
 They well know the *Treaty*, made *Seventy-four*,
 If not *broken* ; it should be *divested* of *Power*.

But those who will *read* it, to suit their *bad* Meaning,
 The *Life* from the *Bowels* of *Britain* are gleaning :
 For th' *Act* of *Injustice*, they should be deny'd
 The *Fruits* of this *Island*, by *Nature* supply'd.

Shall BRITONS sit tamely, shall *Courage* stand fetter'd,
 And not speak a *Word* that the *Times* may be better'd ?
 Shall *Malice*, shall *Spite*, take the *Lead* of our *Reason*,
 Shall *those*, who oppose be suspected of *Treason* ?
 But well it will happen, as well as amazing,——

Their *Genius* can keep the whole Nation from gazing !

Ne'er mind 'em, great P---TT, serve your *Country* and
 Bad Actions will send Men to H---ll but the faster :

They have but just *so many* Crimes to commit,
 Before they'll surrender to HEAV'N and to P---TT.

They want you, in *Passion*, your *Place* to resign,
 To dress *Envy* and *Scandal* in Robes all divine :

But scorn 'em, detest 'em, and keep 'em at Distance,
 You want not their Love, their Gold, or Assistance :
Great Britain adores you, and firmly relies
 On your *Conduct* and *Prudence* in raising Supplies ;
 Depend on your *Judgment* ; their Lives they can trust,
 That in this *wicked Age*, you'll prove *honest* and *just* :
 Two Words worth a Million of ill-gotten Gold ;
 And, nearly that Sum, to the *** may be fold.

Shall our *Fortunes*, protected by *GEORGE* and by *Heav'n*,
 To the *French*, to the *Dutch*, to the D---l be given ?
 Shall we part with the Nerves and the Sinews of Wars,
 To bankrupt the *Merchants*, and ruin the *Tars* ?
 Shall we give to our Foes --- what preserves Seamen's Lives,
 Their Offspring, the Pledges of Love, and their Wives ?
 Shall bold Fellows stand mute, and bite Tongues afunder,
 And suffer dull *Dutchmen* to ravish their Plunder ?
 Consider, ye Dupes, and ye Slaves to Ambition ;
 Consider brave Seamen's hard-fated Condition !
 Consider DOLL COMMON ! Oh ! strive to relieve her,
 That lost a good Fortune in the rich Ship, *PENTHIEVRE* !

My

My *All* then was lost! ——— and, my dear *Husband* drowned!
 Since then, near distracted! ——— with Sorrow surrounded!
 Think on it, proud Rulers; --- think on poor Folks Losses; ---
 Their Danger, their Anguish, their Troubles, and Crosses!
 Say, my Body's debauch'd. --- Yet, I'm just in my Dealing;
 Still *keeping my Fingers from picking, from stealing!*
 If you've never been honest, you know not the Comfort
 Of sleeping in *London*, or sleeping in *Rumford!*
 You may think what you please --- unaccustomed to Lying;
 I say the best Comfort, is *the Comfort of Dying!*

Old ROME, and OLD ENGLAND, afford us no Story
 In which they *despair* of their Nation's just Glory.
 Old Annals suggest to us Actions of Brav'ry
 The *present*, presents us sad Proofs of our Slav'ry:
 And, yet no good Lawyer, with Law best acquainted,
 Tho' great as great could be, was ever yet fainted.
 'Tis common to make the most Gold of the Needy,
 As, in *Pleuritic Cases*, it is for to bleed ye.

'Tis said, that Two *Dutchmen* have brought a Memorial,
 That our *English* have trespass'd on *Funds* territorial;

That their Ships we have taken, their Merchants distress'd ;
 That their Commerce and Int'rest are very much press'd ;
 That they come full of Hope, they will all be return'd,
 And the Pirates that took 'em, be laid up and burn'd ;
 That they're friendly Neighbours --- for the *English* ^{[feeling ;} have
 Are Lovers of Justice, and Mercy ;——fair Dealing ;
 And would not do aught to gain *Britain's* Displeasure,
 Save, serving themselves, to get Home the *French* Treasure.
 Such Actions as these, are not worth *Britain's* minding ;
 And the *Treaty* she's broken, with her still is binding !
 Thus far is premised --- by Way of a Sample ;
 By shewing their *Precept*, we'll act by *Example* :

* * * * *
 * * * * *

We'll hope for the best, and we'll act without Fear ;
 While we've Hope, we may thrive ; if we doubt, may ^{[despair.}
Despair has no Reason ; but *Hope*, if well-grounded,
 Has prov'd the best *Leader* to Actions renowned :
 It hath gained great Vict'ries ; has Empires subdued ;
 Avoided *Distresses*, and *Evils* eschewed ;

Its

Its the first of all *Virtues* to *injur'd Men* giv'n ;

The *last* and *best* Gift from all kind gracious HEAV'N !

To *live well*, and *die well*, are Words of some Moment ;

Too trifling for *Statesmen* to think on, or comment :—

Yet bold *British* Seamen hold *half* of 'em good :

If they *live well*, they *care not* what comes of their Blood :

Scarce know any Fear from our Enemies Thunder ;

But, expect, when on Shore, their full Share of the Plunder :

From hence, it is equal, to *Britons* born free,

Where they lose their best Blood—on the Land or the Sea :

Then why not Respect be shewn unto such Men ?

Or, why should their Prizes be given to *Dutchmen* ?

They speak what they think, and ne'er will dissemble ;

Command 'em to H—ll, and they'll go, and not tremble !

As pow'rful Fleets are *small Charge* to a Nation ;

P—TT make 'em more *potent*, and swell *Reputation* :

It is the best *Bank*, that was ever invented,

To preserve this *blest Isle* from all *Knaves* discontented :

If't *increases Expences*, it raises our *Glory* ;

For which God will bless you, and *People* adore you.

It carries such *Terror* wherever we spread it,
 That we gather Respect from the *Turks*, when we need it.
 'Tis th' Advancement of Trade, and of Land an Improve-^{[ment ;}
 Confin'd to no Place ; but, at Will, makes a Movement :
 Need we then mind the *Dutch*,—such Neighbours mali-^{[cious ;}
 Who're haughty and cruel——innate avaritious ?

When WATSON and POCOCK, *Calcutta* retook,
 The *French* that strong Fortrefs, with Trembling forsook ;
 With Effects, to *Dutch* Settlements, sudden they flew,
 Their Friendship with *Dutchmen*, in Haste to renew :
 No sooner those *brave Men* of Facts were informed,
 Than they fetch'd them again, or the *Dutch* had been^{[stormed ;}
 Dare the Subjects do more in the *Indies* than here ?
French Goods, are *French* Goods, be they *here* or *there* :
 No Matter where found, they are *lawful just Prize* :
 And, before I would lose 'em, I'd lose both my Eyes.

As, at the Beginning I made no Excuses,
 To call to my Aid Sister Prostitute *Muses* ;
 I must at the End invoke God APOLLO
 That the *Foes* of great PITT his wife Measures may follow.

F I N I S.

